



WOW



80 11 8

Chapter 1 by img

heheheh

Chapter 2 by intellikat

some kind of cracksuckers



Chapter 3 by jeffyb

The Cookie Man enters this chapter and decides that this story needs to actually go somewhere and begins to write down what he believes is a good description of the word "Wow".

It starts with a young, half-naked girl in the woods...



Chapter 4 by Windlion

... and it just about ended there, because this is Not That Kind Of Story.

Besides, she was cold, covered in wolf blood, and had a sort of half-crazed-don't-mess-with-me look about her. Also, a rather large machete.

Enter the Huntsman.



Chapter 5 by Windlion

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The Huntsman slipped into the glade without a sound – it was his trade, after all – but she turned immediately to face him.

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"Where the flaming Hells were you, Huntsman? My grandmother has been devoured!"

"My princess ... forgive me, I was delayed." The memory of the meeting with the Queen as this terrible day dawned flashed through his mind.

To be clear, Huntsman, you are not sent to save her, merely to confirm that she is dead. I tire of protecting my stepdaughter from her madness. There is another who can step up to the throne when her father is gone.

He shook his head. His fealty was to the throne, not to the Queen, and above that to the Cookie Man. He knelt in the reeds and muck before the princess and held out his knife to her, hilt first. "I have failed, and am no longer worthy to serve you. My life is yours, to do with as you will."

She snarled and swung the machete at his neck.

Fortunately for him, the Cookie Man appeared and deflected the blow, tangling the blade in the quiver of arrows on his back.

Chapter 6 by Windlion



The force of her blow knocked the Huntsman over, further tangling the machete and dragging it under him as he fell. Her wrist strap tangled as well, dragging her down on top of him in a tangle of limbs, snapped arrows, and blood-soaked rags.

"Oh, puh-leez!" snarled the Huntsman. "This is so lame I can't even stand up to shake her off ..." and indeed he could not, for they had fallen off the path into a patch of thorns and poison ivy.

The Princess shrieked and the Huntsman roared, but their struggles only twisted them further into the punishing foliage. Inevitably, they were drawn into a potentially compromising position.

Cookie Man laughed his high-pitched screeching laugh, but he did not watch his footing and fell onto one of the Huntsman's broken arrows! There was a bright flash, and everything changed.

Chapter 7 by Windlion



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"Eh, yes? Yes, Sire? No harm meant, very sorry ..."

"This is not as it seems! The Princess and I are trapped here in the thorns. Can you rescue us?"

"Rescue? Rescue you? Oh, well, I have six brothers, but we are better at digging for gems than rescuing, though I suppose for the Princess we could try."

"Blessings on you, man! Only, do not let news of this get to the castle, it would be the ruin of, of her reputation? As, ah, we are not wedded."

"Certainly, Sire! Ah, only one other matter, there seems to be a great deal of cookie dough lying around and, well, my brothers and I also enjoy baking as a hobby of sorts? Ah, and also, it happens we do wedding cakes?"

Chapter 8 by Windlion



"Wedding cake? From, eugh! Pieces of the Cookie Man?"

The Huntsman squinted across the tavern table, nodded, and finished the dregs of his tankard. "I didn't say the tale had a happy-ever-after ending."

"And after all that, you didn't marry her."

He snorted. "That bloodthirsty self-centered demon child? Not for me! Besides, when the dwarves baked up the dough they discovered that all they could make of it was another Cookie Man. The girl gave the rebaked monster a kiss, decided she liked his taste and ran away with him. Fresh from the oven and out the door."

"No!"

"Truth, by my sword. Haven't been heard of since. Dwarves were a little put out, seeing all the work they'd done running out the door without getting paid. They charged out the door after

the lovebirds just in time to knock over an old woman selling apples

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"Not the —" Seeing a shadowed figure approaching them behind the Huntsman, the others at the table looked up and sl

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“Her Majesty the Queen, yes. Apples all over the place, frightened dwarves running around trying to pick them up, and a furious apple seller transforming into ... yes, the most incredibly beautiful fire-breathing dragon in the world, who captured my heart with one look. Isn't that right, my love?”

He looked over his shoulder just as the eerily glowing shadow stepped up behind his chair.

The sorceress who had given up her crown in exchange for True Love leaned over and trapped him in her arms. “Of course, my dear husband. Now are all your friends staying for dinner, so I can tell them the story my way?”

the end

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